

Fame

"The City Freestyle"

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feat. Crush Poe

Let's go West side
Been a minute since I popped the bottle with an echo
Getting rooftop high

With my niggas on deck and some bitches on lock
Shout my nigga G Magic still got black world ties
And I missed the lies
Women will tell that sound true
Ending all our encounters and hopes for round two
Said she respect my ambition 'cause I be cash chasing
And I think I only respect her because her ass shaking
That's how you gotta think when all they do is watch
your bank
You ain't had no money, bet them same bitches be
acting stank
Quick to turn their face if your house don't sit on a lake
And these hoes tryina get their say, say their tough
niggas in capes
Double loss on the grill when I was parking up
18 years old, whipping that Phantom like a Ultima
First introductions to that Cali weed I was coughing up
But by the week of it I was the main nigga sparking up
Shots in the past, New York nigga still coping
Brooklyn niggas walking through Cali with eyes open
Got Henney in my cup and I'm tryina remain focused
Ain't tryina be a victim when that flocka flame get to
smoking
'Cause I got something to prove with all this music shit
Show that I'm better than any nigga that's doing it
EP said damn, boy, you paint such vivid images
Then Chase said I'll be a millionaire by 22 with this
So I'm in a booth and my thoughts go
Quick to set a nigga on fire like he charcoal
Never cared your waters run deep, nigga
We part those, I'm Moses when I flow
We walk the streets with G's and capos
Watch your stepping all this pot holes
Shout out Chris and Mack, too
I'm in offices tryina look corporate with these tattoos

R 'n B nigga, they get shot gonna say I rap, too
And it's a leech, I make in Paris with me and that dude
But real shit, see, that's fool
Eat it while I'm chiefting, late night creeping
Catching honeys on these beaches
I think they like gold and some 'bout a week
And my session from 12 to 4 so I did it while they was
sleeping
I knew the weather change, and we call it harvest
season
Rain upon your building till the fucking ceiling leaking
And they were shooting on me, man let's make the
odds even
Though the evidence is misleading, still killing 'em for
no reason
Fame, bitch

Heart of a lion, they lying, we fire and they dying
First is about time now it's about shining
Watch these niggas plotting, nothing sweet in the
rotting
Poor nigga fought the folly, yeah, my city calling
What you know about the pain in my life?
My power, my nights, my bank, your price
My lows and your highs and my hoe is your wife
All that means I'm nothing nice

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